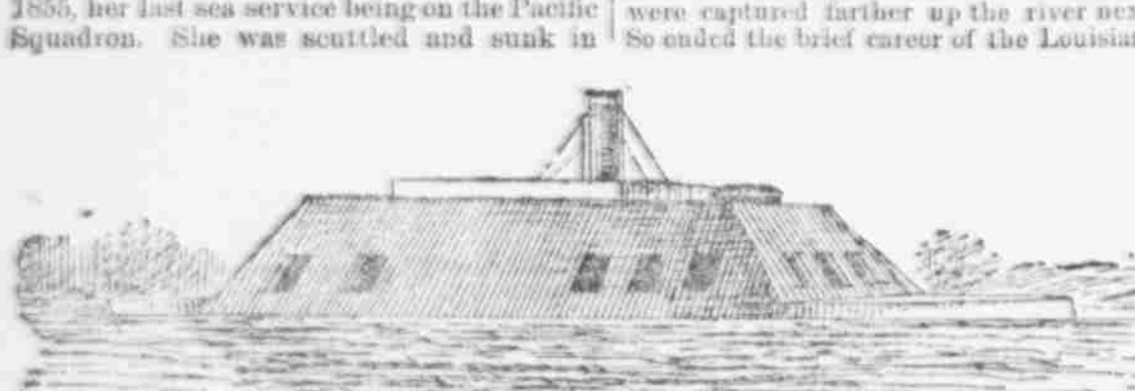
were relieved from duty at Charleston, and the monitors were anchored inside the bar—Weehawken, Passaic, Nahant, Montauk, Catskill, Nantucket, Patapsco, and New Ironsides. Cruising outside the bar were the Housatonic, Canandaigua, Wissahickon, and Huron.

In March, 1863, Capt. W. H. Parker was assigned to command the Palmetto State. The records show that this officer had been also in the U. S. Navy, but was dismissed therefrom April 20, 1861. The ram rendered no further service, and was set on fire by her Lieutenant, Robert J. Bowen, on March 18, 1865, and totally consumed.

THE MERRIMAC,

better known perhaps as the Virginia, was formerly the U. S. S. frigate Merrimac, of 3,200 tons, 40 guns, built at Charleston in 1855, her last sea service being on the Pacific Squadron. She was scuttled and sunk in



THE LOUISIANA.

the Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va., on the night of April 20, 1861, when the Navy-yard at that place was shamefully evacuated by the Union forces.

When the enemy assumed control of the yard they raised the Merrimac and placed her in the dry-dock, where she was cut down to within three feet of the water line, and then roofed over with pitch pine and oak at an angle of 45 degrees and 24 inches thick. Over this was an iron plating two inches thick, made at the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond. She was also provided with a cast-iron ram projecting four feet under water. Her armament consisted of 10 guns, six of which were 9-inch smooth-bore.

Owing to the limited resources of the Confederates at that time, considerable difficulty was experienced in preparing the Merrimac for service, and the workmen employed on her were required to labor until 8 o'clock at night. Everything was completed by February, 1862, and on the 24th of that month she was put in commission under the name of the Virginia. Capt. Franklin Buchanan was, by orders from the Confederate States Navy Department, assigned to command her.

Capt. Buchanan was born in Baltimore Sept. 11, 1800, and entered the U. S. Navy as Midshipman Jan. 28, 1815. He was dismissed therefrom May 22, 1861, and died in Talbot County, Md., in May, 1874.

The crew of the Merrimac consisted of 32 officers and 300 men. She achieved a most signal victory over the Union vessels at Hampton Roads on the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, when she sunk the frigates Congress and Cumberland, compelled the Minnesota, St. Lawrence, Mystic and others to retreat, and actually captured several vessels loaded with supplies that were at anchor in Hampton Roads at that time.

The Merrimac in her iron-plate condition was not intended for sea service, and had she ventured outside the Capes she would have gone down with all on board, on account of her iron plating. The evacuation of Norfolk became a military necessity on the part of the Confederates and on the 11th day of May, 1862, she was blown up.

Her exploits in Hampton Roads created the wildest excitement, and completely revolutionized naval warfare from and after the date of her signal victory over our old-fashioned wooden vessels.

THE TENNESSEE

was the most powerful vessel of war built within the Confederacy during the rebellion. She was constructed by Messrs. Price, Bassett & Co., at Mobile, Ala., and was 209 feet long, 48 feet in breadth of beam, and very strongly built in every part, the materials being oak and yellow pine, with iron fastenings. The deck was covered fore and aft with wrought-iron plates two inches thick.

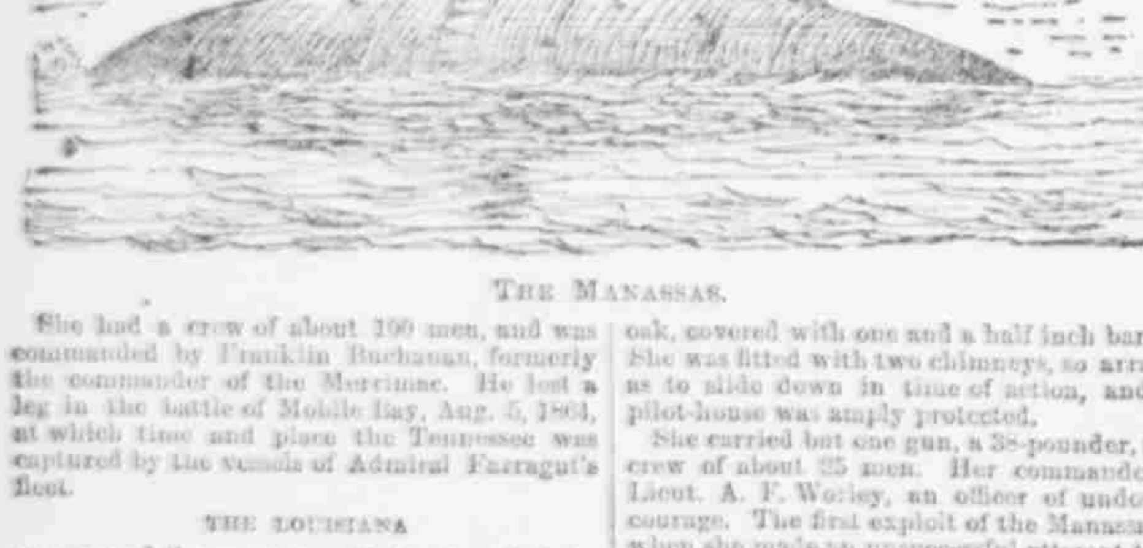
The sides of the vessel were eight feet thick

THE ALBEMARLE.

below the deck, and she was provided with a beak or prow which projected about two feet under water. The casemate was very strongly built, 78 feet long and 28 feet wide, consisting of heavy yellow pine beams 13 inches thick, placed close together vertically; the outside planking was of yellow pine five and one-half inches thick, laid on horizontally, and outside of this horizontal planking there was a layer of oak timber four inches thick, bolted on vertically.

The plating or armor of the casemate forward was six inches thick, consisting of three two-inch iron plates about six inches wide. The casemate was covered on top with wrought-iron gratings, composed of bars two inches thick and six inches wide, fitted to open from inside. There were 10 gun-ports in the casemate, three on each side, two forward and two aft. She carried 10 guns, known as the "Brooke rifles."

The cabin was large and comfortable, as were also the quarters for the crew. The ventilation, however, was very poor, and the steering arrangements very defective. The machinery of the Tennessee was transferred from the river steamer Alonzo Child's, and consisted of two geared non-condensing engines and four horizontal flue boilers, 24 feet long, placed side by side.



THE MANASSAS.

She had a crew of about 100 men, and was commanded by Franklin Buchanan, formerly the commander of the Merrimac. He lost a leg in the battle of Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864, at which time and place the Tennessee was captured by the vessels of Admiral Farragut's fleet.

THE LOUISIANA

was one of the most formidable ironclads in the southwestern waters. She was constructed at New Orleans, where her keel was laid Oct. 15, 1861. Her builder was E. C. Murray, under the supervision of William C. Whittle.

She was a propeller of about 4,000 tons, 270 feet long, and intended to carry 16 guns. There were 1,700,000 feet of lumber used in her construction and 500 tons railroad iron. Her hull was almost entirely submerged; upon this was built her heavy upper works, intended to contain her battery, machinery, etc. This extended to within 25 feet of her stem and stern, leaving a little deck forward and aft, nearly even with the water and surrounded with a slight bulwark. The structure on the hull had its ends and sides inclined inward and upward from the hull at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Considerable delay was experienced in her construction, owing to the scarcity of material and repeated strikes among the workmen employed on her. She was not fully completed when her services were required on the Lower Mississippi to co-operate in the defense of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

Her commander was Charles F. McIntosh, formerly of the United States Navy, from which he was dismissed April 20, 1861. The ram left New Orleans on the 20th day of April, 1862, and never returned. She encountered Farragut's fleet about 80 miles below the city and foolishly attempted to stop their ascent of the river. In the engagement which resulted the Louisiana was totally destroyed and her commander and nearly all of her crew killed. The two steamers acting as tenders to the Louisiana made their escape during the engagement, but were captured farther up the river next day. So ended the brief career of the Louisiana.

THE ALBEMARLE.

The construction of this somewhat remarkable ram was commenced on the Roanoke River, North Carolina, near Halifax, in the Summer of 1862. She was built under the personal supervision of Capt. James W. Cook, who commanded her when completed. Capt. Cook was a citizen of Virginia, and entered the United States Navy April 1, 1828, resigning therefrom May 2, 1861. In the first engagement of the Albemarle he was severely wounded. He died at Portsmouth, Va., in 1869.

Most all the woodwork of the Albemarle was procured on the farm of Peter E. Smith at Edwards's Ferry. The iron plating was made at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond. Her construction was on the same general principles as the Merrimac. The slanting roof and other exposed parts were covered with five inches of pine and the same thickness of oak, surmounted with railroad iron, over which was an inch of plating secured throughout with bolts and nuts. She had also a cast-iron prow, and carried four guns, two of which were pivoted, one forward and one aft, and a crew of about 75 men.

The most remarkable exploit of this ram took place near Plymouth, N. C., April 19, 1864. She attacked the blockade squadron, consisting of the United States steamers Miami, Sassacus, and Southfield. In this engagement the latter-named vessel was sunk by ramming May 5, 1864. She made another attack on our vessels, and severely injured the Ceres, Wyalusing, Mattabasset, Commodore Hull, Whitehead, and Miami. On May 25 an unsuccessful effort was made to destroy the ram by a boat's crew from the United States steamer Wyalusing, but the scheme was discovered by the watchful Johnnies before its consummation.

For a long and uninterrupted period the ram proved very troublesome to the naval forces on the waters of North Carolina, and repeated plans were formed for her capture or destruction. About Oct. 1, 1864, Capt. Cook was relieved from command, and his successor was Lieut. A. F. Warley, an officer who had retired from the United States Navy Dec. 24, 1860, and offered his services to the rebel government.

It now became plainly evident that something must be done to get rid of this troublesome customer, and Lieut. William B. Cushing, of the United States steamer Monticello, volunteered to destroy her with a torpedo. His services were gladly accepted, his plans approved, and steps were immediately taken to carry out his suggestions.

A steam launch was constructed expressly for the work at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and placed at the disposal of Cushing. With a volunteer crew of 15 men he ascended the Roanoke River on the night of Oct. 27, 1864. The ram was discovered tied up to a wharf near the town of Plymouth.

Cushing approached cautiously, and placing a torpedo under the ram blew her up. He was discovered by the enemy. Several of his men were killed, a few were drowned, the steam-launch was destroyed, and Cushing's escape in an exhausted condition to the Union vessels was miraculous. This was one of the most remarkable and successful naval exploits of the war, and for which Lieut. Cushing received the following vote of thanks from Congress:

Resolved, That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered, to William B. Cushing, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy, and to the officers and men under his command, for the skill and gallantry exhibited by them in the destruction of the rebel ironclad steamer Albemarle, at Plymouth, N. C., on the night of the 27th of October, 1864. Approved Dec. 20, 1864.

THE MANASSAS,

which rendered signal service to the Confederacy on the Lower Mississippi, was formerly the river steamer Enoch Train, built at Boston in 1855 by J. O. Curtis, and her machinery made by Harrison Loring & Co. Being at New Orleans when the war broke out she was seized by the State authorities and converted into a ram. She was 128 feet long, in breadth of beam 26 feet, draft of water 11 feet, and of about 390 tons. The expense of her alterations was borne by private subscriptions from the citizens.

She was built up with massive beams 17 inches in thickness, over which was a complete covering of iron plates riveted together. Her shape above water was nearly that of a sharply-pointed egg-shell. Her back was of 12-inch oak, covered with one and a half inch bar iron. She was fitted with two chimneys, so arranged as to slide down in time of action, and her pilot-house was amply protected.

She carried but one gun, a 38-pounder, and a crew of about 25 men. Her commander was Lieut. A. F. Worley, an officer of undoubted courage. The first exploit of the Manassas was when she made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the blockading vessels at the mouth of the Mississippi in October, 1861.

At the battle of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, near New Orleans, April 18-24, 1862, the Manassas rendered effective service, and attempted to sink the U. S. S. Brooklyn by ramming her on the starboard side amidships. A broadside of solid shot was administered, and the dose repeated until the ram became a useless wreck and disappeared beneath the turbid waters of the mighty Mississippi. A few of the crew escaped, and the remainder went down with the ram.

(*The end.*)

Experiences and Adventures

Crossing St. Gotard Pass, from Como to Lucerne.

BY T. DIX BOLLES, U. S. N.

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ELLAGIO nestles away on a point which cuts Lake Como into a letter Y. It is half way up the lake, going north, and consists of a little village and a big hotel. The views from the porches of the hotel are entrancing—the lake just below, the verdant shores with lovely villas, and the Alps in the background towering to snowy summits. Dick and I rested there over night, and, finding old friends, we passed the evening and far into the night whispering soft nothings into the ears of two lovely American girls, while we smoked our

THE DILIGENCE.

cigarets and watched the soft moonlight and black shadows creeping over the lake.

We were tempted to tarry a few days, but unfortunately our leave was not elastic, and we wanted to get all of our month in Switzerland. We could leave the rest of the soft words to be whispered at Nice or Naples. So 7 o'clock the next morning saw us prepared and on the little steamer which was to take us across the lake and land us at a village, whence the coaches bore us across to another lake and

ANOTHER STEAMER.

The morning mist was still rising, and we saw little of the lake. But that was nothing, for we had before explored it and knew its beauties by heart. Reaching our landing, we hurried to the diligence and scrambling up got good places just behind the driver. In Europe it is always first come first served, and nothing but personal occupation insures a good seat. There were a score of passengers, and two full coaches started, a wagon following with the trunks, etc.

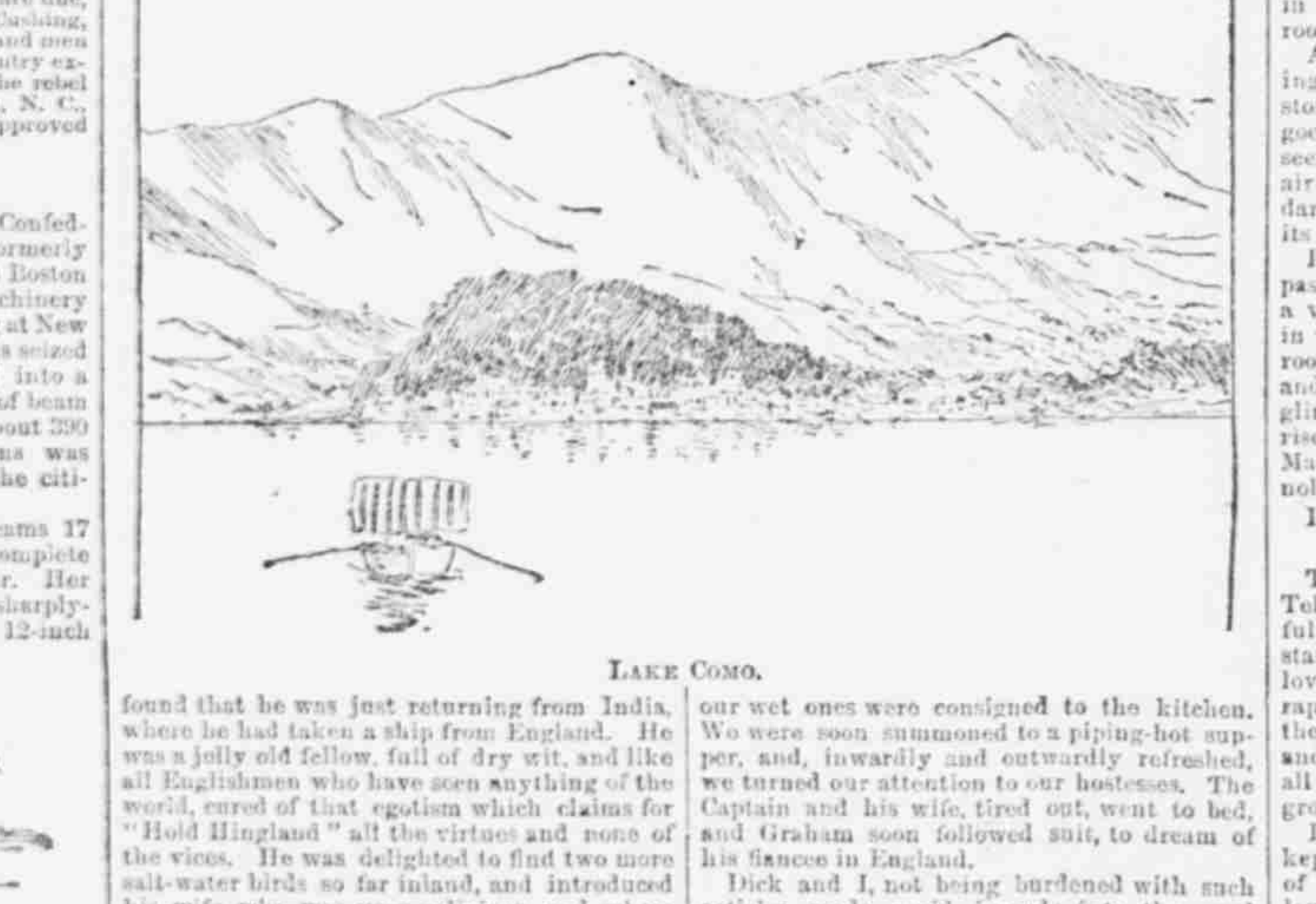
Dick and I were traveling light, and two small satchels contained all our supplies. These we carried with us, or sent on in advance by the post when we were walking. Another peculiarity of European travel, especially in Switzerland, is that you pay as you go on the steamers and the stages; no long package of tickets, but cash each time.

We took note of the various people as they came and took their places in the stages, and were disappointed at the outfit. There were no young people, and no one who looked the least bit jolly. Among the older ones we spotted at once an Englishman as a seafaring man. His rolling gait and firmly-planted feet bespoke the sailor. He had with him his wife, and seemed to know no one but a young fellow with a brown sunburned face and a make-up that marked him as an Oriental traveler rather than the tourist. These three had to take inside seats, and all along we could hear the old fellow growling and

DAMNING HIS LUCK.

An hour and a half spent in climbing a long hill and going down on the other side brought us to the little village and lake, where we found a tiny steamer awaiting our arrival. It took half an hour to get everything on board, and then we started.

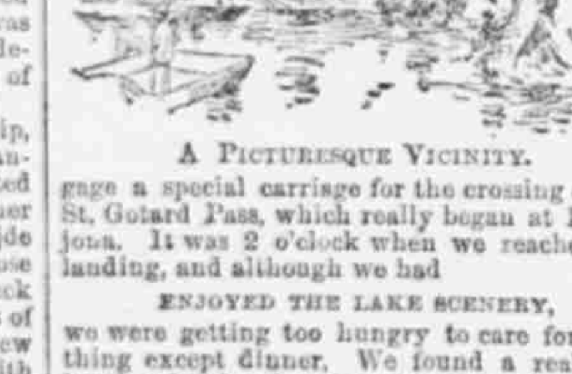
Soon after getting on board we scraped up an acquaintance with the sea Captain, and



LAKE COMO.

found that he was just returning from India, where he had taken a ship from England. He was a jolly old fellow, full of dry wit, and like all Englishmen who have seen anything of the world, cured of that egotism which claims for "Hold Hingland" all the virtues and none of the vices. He was delighted to find two more salt-water birds so far inland, and introduced his wife, who was very religious, and whom he delighted to tease by profanity and broad remarks. The younger Englishman was also from India; had been a clerk in Bombay, and was pleasant and active.

Long before we reached Bellatjona, the town where we were to once more commence our land travel, we had decided to cast our lots together, and, if within reasonable limits, to en-



A PICTURESQUE VICINITY.

gage a special carriage for the crossing of the St. Gotard Pass, which really began at Bellatjona. It was 2 o'clock when we reached the landing, and although we had

ENJOYED THE LAKE SCENERY,

we were getting too hungry to care for anything except dinner. We found a real good hotel and ordered a dinner for five at once.

While waiting, Dick, who at present was acting as paymaster for the naval contingent, made the necessary inquiries and engaged a barouche with two horses. A contract was made, good for 30 days, to go on as we pleased, stop as long as we pleased, anywhere we pleased, on the road to Lucerne. The price was just the same as for our five seats in the regular mail coach, which went directly through in two and a half days.

There was room for five inside by crowding, but as a seat by the driver was always preferable, when we were not walking, which the three younger ones intended to do most of the way, one of us would take it; in fact, except once, and that the last day, we were never all riding. The old Captain and his wife rode all the way, but they enjoyed going slow, and we took pleasure in pointing out to them every bit of pretty scenery or grand view we discovered.

After discussing a good dinner and smoking, we called our carriage, and seeing all our traps inside, started the old people off for a town six miles farther up the valley, while Dick, Graham and I strolled leisurely up the road, arriving an hour later, to find Capt. Harding and wife enjoying a siesta. We liked the old place and decided on a day's stay there, but

CHANGED OUR MINDS

in the morning, having found our beds a little too full of vermin to be pleasant.

We breakfasted under the trees while the carriage was preparing, and then leaving the old people to come on by the carriage, we three young ones started on foot, and in the fresh, mountain air covered the ground rapidly. By noon we reached the little village just at the foot of the last steep incline, and then pushed on upward. From this village the mountain is too steep for a direct road, so it runs in long zig-zags.

Ignoring the smooth road, we struck a bee-line upward, and though steep and rough, we soon discovered that it made the distance quite inconsiderable. At first there were a few shrubs, but finally nothing but rocks and earth. Although in the middle of June, the snow began falling, and soon the footpath disappeared, and visions of avalanches, getting lost in the snow, and such catastrophes, flitted across our minds.

We had ascended more than two-thirds of the mountain, and the distances between the zig-zags of the road were shorter and shorter as we got higher; so we strung ourselves out, and one would reach the road above before the third left it below. Soon, however, the falling snow became so thick that we could not see ahead a hundred feet; so keeping together we trusted to luck. We struggled on, and finally, at 4 p. m., reached the top in safety. We had

LOST SIGHT OF THE CARRIAGE

long before, and the views to the southward had been blotted out.

Slowly following the faint line of the road, marked by occasional crosses, which did not add to our enthusiasm, as each marked the spot where some unlucky traveler had been lost, in about an hour we saw looming up through the falling snow a house. We were soon within and sitting beside the warm fire in the Hospice, a house of refuge built and maintained for just such accidents as ours. After a long wait we heard the sound of shouting, and going out found the carriage had arrived. Delight was mutual, for each section of our party had been alarmed for the other.

Our driver insisted upon going on, so we all entered the carriage and slowly began the descent. We arrived at the village of Andermat about 9 o'clock, cold, damp and disgusted. Of views we had had none to repay us for our exertions; but our welcome at the old inn where we halted soon obliterated all discontent. We were the only guests, and the fatted calf was at once executed in our honor. Huge fires were burning in immense fireplaces, while round German stoves were ruddy with heat. Our host consisted of

TWO VERY PRETTY GIRLS

of 16 and 17, German-Swiss. The father had been dead only a few months, and the mother had gone down the valley, and, prevented by the snow, had not returned. So our two maidens represented the hotel, being everything but cooks.

We were at once shown to large rooms, where fires had been lighted immediately upon our arrival, and where we made such changes as we could. Learning that we were unprovided with outer suits to exchange for our wet ones, the girls provided us with garments belonging to the deceased father, while our wet ones were consigned to the kitchen. We were soon summoned to a piping-hot supper, and, inwardly and outwardly refreshed, we turned our attention to our hostesses. The Captain and his wife, tired out, went to bed, and Graham soon followed suit, to dream of his fiancee in England.

Dick and I, not being burdened with such articles, made rapid inroads into the good graces of the two maidens. Perhaps the father's clothes made us seem more akin. Any way, we had a long, jolly evening, romping, roaring at our linguistic mistakes and absurd pronunciation, and, long before the evening was over, we had conjugated the verb "to love," in German, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, French, and English. The absence of the elders loosened the repressive bonds of etiquet, and, when we finally went to bed, I don't know what Dick got, but I was tucked in, covered with an immense eider-down feather-bed, and

PROPERLY KISSED GOOD-NIGHT.

I slept well, and dreamed that I was covered deep down in snow, which was getting deeper and deeper and heavier and heavier. I awoke at peep of dawn, and, looking out of my little speck of a window, could see that, though the snow had ceased falling, there was so much on the ground that travel was out of the question for that day, at least; and, as the mother would not be able to return, we should have a regular rollicking time.

Donning my borrowed plumage, I descended to the lower regions, and found the two girls

A GLIMPSE OF LUCERNE.

busily putting the rooms in order. Assuming the role of stern parent, I administered chidings at their sloth in not being up earlier, but it did not work at all. They both boxed my ears, and, putting a duster in my hands, made me useful, under threats of no breakfast till my work was done.

When Dick came down, he found me encased in a huge apron, and busy setting the table, while the girls were looking on and sharply reproving my lack of grace and skill. In a moment Dick had on another apron; so, when the other three arrived, they found not only hostesses, but hosts also, who with great ceremony and politeness overwhelmed them with the most absurd proffers of hospitality.

Then we all sat down to a nice breakfast, waiting upon ourselves, and it was unanimously decided that we could not think of moving that day. We at once set about arranging a

PROGRAM OF AMUSEMENTS

for the day. We had music, singing, blind-man's buff, and tricks with cards. We got out all the old finery in the house and masqueraded; danced between times to music from an old hand organ, examined the pretty rocks and crystals and other curiosities, of which there were quantities in the house, and last, but not least, when we had tired out the older ones, we four juniors flirted to our heart's content, there being plenty of nice nooks and corners. After dinner we went out and snowballed, rolled immense balls and sent them booming down the steep hillsides, got real nice and wet, and upset each other into big drifts.

Finally, tired out, sought cosy fireside corners, and again flirted in the gathering shadows before the lamps were lighted. A fireside nook with the warm blaze ever and anon flaring up and giving us glimpses of the flirtation going on in the other corner, added a spice to our own. We were travelers soon going far away, so it was give and take without mercy; not a heart break in the whole group, but just as much

THE DEVIL'S GORGE.

fun for all that, pursued with all the seriousness of the real thing. So passed the day and evening, and when I was again put to bed I got boxes on the ears as well as kisses. Jolly Andermat, I may never see you again, but I shall always remember the two days of

INNOCENT FROLIC AND FUN.

The second morning opened fine, warm and clear. So bidding farewell to our sweet hostesses, we started away down the mountain, visiting first the Devil's Gorge and the bridge. The road winds down into a dark rift in the rocks where the sunlight never penetrates, and where there is barely room for a carriage to go; in fact the rock has been cut away to make room for the road.

A roaring, raging torrent dashes down, jumping from ledge to ledge; just half through a stone bridge crosses the torrent, and the road goes over to the other side. The cliffs above seem to lean over ready to tumble, while the air trembles with the roar of the stream. It is dark, damp, and terrible, and richly deserves its name, the "Devil's Gorge."

Below the road emerges from the mountain pass and down as far as the eye can reach opens a vista of loveliness—the river valley smiling in verdure, hamlets with their quaint Swiss roofs and curling smoke, fields of vegetables and grain, the shining river, and far-away glimpses of a lake. Above and on either hand rise the lofty peaks of the Alps, the Rije, the Matterhorn, and perhaps some dozen other noble peaks, snowclad or bare.

It was like coming

OUT OF HELL INTO PARADISE.

The pretty village of Altoff, where William Tell was supposed to live, and where a beautiful granite life-sized figure represents him standing with his hand on his crossbow; the lovely softness of the fields at Fleurlin; the rapid drive along the level roads until we reach the lake; then the little steamer which puffs and squeals and bears us onward to Lucerne—all these crowd into my mind as a fitting background for *our* Andermat.

Light feet on the downward trail more than kept pace with the carriage and gave us plenty of time to examine, to pause and view every lovely scene and every new panorama. Toward noon, when we had gained the lower ground, we went more slowly and let the carriage keep pace with us, for we felt that only too soon now would our little pleasure trip be ended. Dick and I were in for a month's tour, but our companions were to press on by rail as soon as they reached it, not remaining in Lucerne more than a few hours.

We had liked them and they us, but unfortunately life is made up of partings. We lingered as long as possible, but could not continue always over a few miles; so when we reached the steamer we paid off our carriage and went on board.

The scenery on the lake was superb. The smooth, rippleless surface mirrored the mountains, giving to their hard lines softness and tone. The mountains themselves reared their lofty summits in every variety of shape and shade, and we watched the rosy tints as the sun went behind them, gilding their edges and raising them still further aloft, all agreeing that it was impossible that any other part of Switzerland could be more lovely. There were grander views, but one of such grace, soft yet grand, I did not see in all my month in the country.

The lights of Lucerne gleamed upon the water ere we landed, and we saw nothing of the place until the next day, of which I may write at a later date. With expressions of sincere regard we bade adieu to our fellow-passengers, and we went one way and they another, never more to meet. Perhaps never again shall any of us have the delightful pleasure of seeing the Valley or the Pass of St. Gotard.

(*To be continued.*)

Love Among the Sioux.

To me, one of the customs of courting is very strangely in keeping with the wild, yet romantic, life of the Sioux, writes Warren K. Moorehead in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. A young man desiring to make love to the lady of his choice, works patiently for several days and constructs a reed flute. There are five or six holes in the instrument, and eight or 10 notes can be produced upon it. The sound is weird and plaintive. Some beautiful moonlight night, about 8 o'clock, the young man leaves his home, and stationing himself about 100 yards from the home of his intended, plays for one or two hours a series of strange melodies, all of them in the minor key. The sound floats out on the Summer's air, and, perhaps, a prairie dog on the plain near by, disturbed by the music, may raise his small voice in protesting barks; or, a great white owl, in a scrub-oak, may hoot and whoo in derision. The sound is as sweet to the maiden's ears as the voice of the lover himself. She listens attentively, and when she concludes that he has played sufficiently long to assure her of his serious intentions, she timidly walks forth from her home. Throwing the now useless reed upon the ground, the young man rushes forth. Then ensues a scene such as only those who have been lovers can appreciate.

Modern Improvements.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Mr. Citiman—You have a very fine trout pond, I understand.

Mr. Wayback—Yessir. I raise trout for a livin'.

"What do you charge for fishing in it?"

"Don't allow no strangers to fish in it. Might catch th' wrong kind, you know."

"But I was told this was a good place for a day's sport."

"Y'r right about that. You and y'r friend go over to that there arbor an' take it easy. My wife 'll bring you out a bottle o' whisky an' some glasses. At 'bout train time I'll fill yer basket with fish, lift ye inter the wagon, an' drive ye to the depot.

The Way Clear.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man who had been standing up in the aisle of the car, as he wedged himself down by the side of a man who was trying to occupy two seats, "but have you ever traveled in Germany?"

"I have not, sir," gruffly answered the party addressed.

"It's an interesting country," rejoined the other pleasantly. "You ought to visit it. You would have no trouble in getting in now."

Told the Truth.

[*Street & Smith's Good News.*]

Young Lady—I paid you a high price for these kid gloves, and a friend of mine, who is an expert, says they are not kid at all. He says they are made of cat-skin.

Dealer—Shust vat I said, mine tear young lady. I tole you zey vas kit gloves.

A New Reason.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Mr. De Club—My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men.

Mrs. De C.—Does he?

Mr. De C.—Yes, my dear—um—er—you'd better not wait up for me to-night.